Drifting Across Unsettled Seas: The Off Colors' Gargantian Dilemma

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by lefemmerouge

Summary

After unintentionally arriving on the ocean floor of an alien planet through a wormhole, Lars and his crew are dredged out of the depths by a group of machines. They are confronted by the female head of a salvage team who declares they are on a planet named 'Earth,' perplexing them because Lars and his comrades are coming from Earth. How can this be the case? How will they establish contact with the inhabitants of this completely water-covered planet, where human society floats across the waves, without causing conflict? Whether this is possible or not depends on the teamwork between Lars and his friends, whether those in this society trust them as outsiders, especially those from another planet which is mystifying in some way or another, especially since their technological knowledge is outdated based on Earth standards. This adventure challenges Lars, Pappy, Rhodonite, Fluorite, and the Rutile Twins in ways they never could have imagined, setting in motion the seeds of their next adventure on this planet and others, involving them in conflicts, whether they like it or not, intertwining their destinies with those of humans of this planet, opening their minds to new possibilities as they are confronted with this world.

Notes

Pappy is used as a nickname for Padparadscha, OCAC is the acronym for the Off Colors Astral Cruiser, and RT stands for Rutile Twins. This is my only story in a while to not be a crossover with She-Ra or any other related fandoms.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update on 2/20/25: This fic has been cross-posted on Squidge World with the title "A Gargantian Dilemma and the Off Colors Drift Along Rocky Seas." The text has been updated with changes in size of paragraphs, dialogue, and other changes, overwriting the original flawed text. If you wish to read the original version, without those changed, it can still be read on Wattpad.

See the end of the work for more notes

Her question puzzled Lars and his compatriots. Lars was unsure what to say. The Rutile Twins were terrified. This contrasted with their usual calmness, forgiveness, and ability to combat phobias. These were akin to *some* properties associated with the rutile gem. Their emotions were cracking like glass, ceramics, or porcelain. The latter use the gem as an ingredient during production. The six individuals which composed Fluorite, all of whom adored and cared for each other in this polyamorous relationship, were befuddled, as was Rhodonite. While saying all of this, there was no doubt that the challenges they had faced in the depths of Homeworld were *much worse*. All of them had became partly paranoid when hiding from the Diamonds. The latter demanded perfection and deemed Gems like them "defective." The Diamonds would have shattered them without a second thought.

Pappy cut through the bewilderment to announce another vision. "I predict we will meet *a good-looking young woman* with dark blue eyes, flowing dark red hair in a ponytail, wearing beads, large earrings, and a…uh…remarkable outfit…telling us we are on 'Earth'…what a mystery!"

Bellows let out a hearty chuckle. As head of the Gargantia Fleet's salvage team, she could be tough and no-nonsense. At the same time, she was kind. Ledo, a man with cream-colored skin, and now age eighteen and three inches taller than her, had come from beyond the stars over a year ago. Eventually, she had warmed up to him. She had become an older sister to him and his to-be girlfriend, Amy, still a delivery girl for the fleet.

At age twenty-one, she was one of the fleet's oldest members, funny enough. Only the fleet commander, Ridget, and the pirate queen, Lukkage, were one year older than her. Additionally, the ship's maintenance repair man, Pinion, a man with blond hair and similar skin complexion, who occasionally irritated her, was also her age. Wise to the world, she tried to determine *why* this newcomer described an event that recently transpired.

"You have that right, fellow traveler! I appreciate *the compliment*. How did you know about me? I...don't get it."

Bellows' response calmed Lars and his mates down even though they continued to be concerned. They didn't know why she had claimed that the planet was named "Earth." Since Pappy was not good at replying to questions, Lars wanted to answer for her as he had done before. However, the Rutile Twins beat him to the punch, bucking the generally accepted social dynamics of their group.

"It's Pappy. She makes 'predictions' about recent actions that just happened. It isn't, *generally*, helpful, but we *still* enjoy her company."

Bellows was still a bit confused. She thought she got it. "Ok, sure. I guess that makes sense. I ask the question once more...*why* are you all on Earth? Please identify yourself."

Lars felt like he had an obligation to respond and speak for his crew. What other choice did he have?

"Ma'am, let me introduce myself. I am Lars Barriga, the captain of this ship, the *Off Colors Astral Cruiser*, identified as *OCAC* for short. My crew is Pappy, RT, Rhodonite, and Fluorite. Each has a specific role, helping the spacecraft function properly. Your question about why we are here is harder to answer. We came from Earth, at least as we know it, as ambassadors to other planets. So, it *does not* make sense we are on a planet with the same name, unless..."

Bellow scratched her head. She then shrugged her shoulders.

"No, this is Earth alright...it has been named that as long as I can remember...it isn't named anything else. But since that Ledo kid came from another planet far away, anything is possible, I guess. There haven't been any travelers *from the great skies* since he arrived over a year ago. We'd welcome you with open arms, but, we must get back to our undersea salvaging. That way, today can be at least *slightly productive*. Ledo and Pinion will bring you back to the fleet and we can sort this all out…"

Lars felt relieved. He could live with that. "I'll agree to that. Crew, what about you all? Are you okay with this?"

They agreed. He was glad. What would have happened if they haven't agreed. Pinion drove the salvage ship back to the main fleet. Ledo attempted to make small talk. Although highly intelligent and towering at about five feet and eight inches, he had trouble expressing his emotions at times. This could be because he had formerly been a Lieutenant in the Galactic Alliance of Humankind and had been trained to be a cold, emotionless warrior who was told to destroy the "enemy" no matter what. He currently worked as a salvager, using his strong piloting skills, and occasionally his fighting abilities.

As a result, their "talk" was relatively brief and inconsequential. It dissipated into dust when the ship arrived at the fleet. Pinion cried out, gesturing with his hands wildly. "Welcome to Gargantia, *my friends*!"

He hoped that he could rope in these newcomers into his schemes. It was another part of his strategy to make *a big splash* in this world, which drifted on the seas. He had strong expertise in machinery and associated skills, although he was frivolous. He waved hello to one of his fellow workers. She held a wrench in her right hand.

The fleet roamed the seas of the world, one of the largest scavenger convoys, composed of many smaller groups of ships drawn together by trade, sharing of resources, and collective defense. Although those who headed the flotillas made choices for the betterment of their populations, the ultimate authority rested with the Fleet Commander, Ridget. At twenty-two years old, she was five feet, 2 inches tall. She had fair skin, light violet eyes, and a curvy figure. Her hair was tied up in a classy bun. She had formerly been second-in-command under Fairlock. When he died, she became the new commander. By now, she had all the appropriate leadership qualities as a serious, composed, and reasonable person. She also had a strong sense of responsibility. Consequently, she could be stern, stiff, or, on the rare occasion, laid-back.

A variety of ships, coming in different sizes, shapes, and all with their own purposes, had came together in what could be called, collectively, the "Gargantia Fleet" or Gargantia. There were several patrol ships separated from the fleet when it traveled. Other ships were

connected by interlocking arms, allowing the ships to move together as one, allowing for easy movement between the ships. One could divide Gargantia into a forward section, a central section, and a rear section. The forward, or front, part composed a large ship with several smaller ships around it, containing the main structural section of Gargantia, and most residential areas. The area also included occasional food markets with buying and selling of wide-ranging products, and the bridge where the Fleet Commander resided.

This differed from the central section which had the most ships and greenery of any section due the fact that it had the crane tower called Heaven's Ladder, allowing for other ships to have irrigated pastures and crop fields. The fleet's back section was unique. There were a dozen barges which carried freshwater, often distributed to the ships within the fleet, and the gigantic Gargantia Orbital Mass Driver. This space rocket propulsion system gave the fleet its name and may have been the original structure of the fleet itself. For a reason not yet known, the system's existence had been kept secret for many years.

The Gargantia Fleet glided across the world's oceans. Unlike in the past, this "Earth" underwent a major climatic change: a planetary ice age. This gave humans a choice to either remain on the planet and freeze or leave, seeking a new home among the stars. Most humans chose to remain, but a few departed. Those who left split into two sub-species: the Galactic Alliance of Humankind and the Hideauze. Descendants of those who remained behind populated the planet, with waters covering most of this celestial body since the melting glaciers caused much of the land to be submerged.

As a result, most wildlife has become aquatic or amphibious, with large swarms of organisms, called "lightbugs," used by peoples living on this Earth to power their ships. However, since these currents are non-renewable, every fleet must continuously relocate to find new energy, making these humans nomadic. Additionally, even though the planet is covered by saltwater, fresh water could be obtained from rainwater which can be captured through tarps. Much of the world's information from before the ice age is gone. Planetary residents had regressed to a limited knowledge base.

Short-wave radios are considered the most advanced technology. Maps were based on water currents and underwater monuments. Weaponry was limited to projectiles propelled by gunpowder. Flight was based on gliding, rather than rocketry. The salvage teams, like the one that hulled the *OCAC* from the bottom of the sea, retrieve resources and raw materials, including parts of old vessels. They also collect records from the past or space debris, with the rarest materials guarded by whale squids, in their nests. Ledo became adept at fighting them because they resembled a species of genetically altered composite beings named Evolvers or Hideauze. The latter were the enemies of the Galactic Alliance. They are docile except when aggravated. Food on fleets, like Gargantia, included plants and animals which once lived on land, along with agricultural products, and any fish swimming in the vast ocean.

The threat of piracy led many vessels to band together as a form of collective defense. Gargantia was the largest of these unified ships. They used machines like Yunboros, which engage in heavy duties and defense, a form of self-defense. This mechas came in various forms, some of which had everyday use, like construction. The first was the yellow-colored general purpose Yunboro, used for construction, demolition, and defense. This differed from

the second type, consisting of a crane of sorts, lifting heavy objects, requiring three people to operate, using its arms and claws to grapple objects. The third type were divers. They were watertight machines which could search the deepest parts of the sea for materials to salvage, equipped with propellers, ballast tanks, and searchlights. They could catch fish with large drag nets. They had a limited ability for combat due to the lack of heavy armor. However, these machines could jettison their limbs or make their bodies life-pods which floated to the surface in the case of an emergency.

The pirates, on the other hand, had their own mechas. One heavily armored and lobster-shaped ship was piloted by the Pirate Queen, Lukkage. It was armed with machine guns, grappling lines, and claws. More common were the pirate crabs which could assault human ships amphibiously and sneakily. They used their grappling cables to board vessels. Although not strong, individually, these crafts, when *working together*, could overwhelm any ship they attacked. Due to this situation, the needless killing of humans was perceived as repugnant. Shows of force were, in a sense, a method of negotiation. Unfortunately, the pirates did not share these views. At the same time, records and literature about the past were scarce. Ideas like computers, space travel, and artificial intelligence were seen as fantastical or mysterious.

Neither Lars nor the Off Colors knew any of this when stepping aboard the Gargantia Fleet. Pinion yacked to them. Ledo said little, if anything at all. A sixteen-year-old girl, with creamy white skin, who was over five feet tall, flew above them, in her hang glider. Her short (and light) brown hair, blew in the breeze, as did her orange coat and skirt, both with yellow frills and ornamental designs and shapes. She covered up her brown crop top, which exposed her belly and belly button. She also wore a belt around the waist, complete with a pouch, and a dark green messenger bag, which had yellow lining.

Not recognizing them, she touched down nearby. She was curious about what was going on. She could see how out of place they looked. Darting toward them, through the sprawling market, she unintentionally bumped into Lars. To her, he seemed to be the most humanoid of the group. She stared at him with her light blue eyes.

"Sorry mister! I'm Amy…what’s your name?"

Lars said, in a soft voice, "I'm Lars, the captain of a ship from another planet…and *this is my team*."

Amy smiled. She always liked to see new people. "Nice to meet you all!"

As an ambassador, Lars wanted to know more about what she did on this ship. He asked a simple question. "Amy, what do you do on this 'fleet'?"

While she wasn't a person who liked being interviewed or anything like that, she didn't mind responding to him. After all, he seemed *harmless enough*.

"I'm a delivery girl, handing people their important packages and mail…it's an important job!"

Lars sighed. What she said reminded him of someone. "I remember a person back home just like that. I can't recall his name...but I really liked him...he later went into musical theater."

Pinion then added, "You know, she's a belly dancer too."

Amy rolled her eyes She would have rather him *not* mention that, but the cat was out of the bag now. "That's true. You can come by the saloon, if you would like…the more people watching and having a fun time, the better!"

At that very moment, Ledo entered the conversation. He felt jealous of the way that Amy and Lars were talking to each other. And he didn't like their closeness.

"No, that *isn't necessary*…I'd rather you tour the ship with us."

Amy was surprised he just appeared there. It did not seem like a coincidence. "Ledo, that'a the first time you've peeped up in a while."

Ledo struggled to answer her. "Uh…I…"

Amy laughed a little and patted Ledo on the back. She wanted to assuage his jealousy. "Ledo is nervous, that's all."

Lars could see that she was right. He wanted to make his intentions there very clear. "You don't have to worry, I'm only here as *an ambassador* from another planet called…Earth."

Amy was intrigued. She wanted to learn more from Lars, at least *when her shift was over*. "Really? There's another planet with the same name as this one out there? Wild! Radical!"

Amy waved to them and went about with her delivery duties. A friendly flying squirrel, named Grace, sat on her shoulder. She and Ledo were a paradoxical combination. Her warm heart and loyalty to her friends and family, along with her free-spirited, happy attitude contrasted with that of Ledo.

Continuing to stroll across Gargantia, Lars and the Off Colors encountered one of Amy's friends. A pale skinned girl, Melty, who was one year younger than Amy, inadvertently ran into the group. Her light brown hair, tied up in pigtails, which was decorated by two pink-and-blue bows, got matted. Her bright green eyes showed a degree of astonishment. She exhaled. She wore a black bandeau and dark purple vest with gold trim. Like Amy, her belly was *also* uncovered. Also, she had on a dark purple skirt with side buckles, a thick black belt around her waist, and open-toed brown shoes. They were adorned with a blue gem. She carried a pink messenger bag. It contrasted with Amy's green-colored one. Unlike Amy, people saw her as a childish, although sometimes she went beyond people's expectations.

"Mister, I didn't mean to run into you, I've just been *so busy* today," she remarked.

Picking himself up, Lars tried to act as gracious as he could. He didn't want her to feel bad about herself. After all, he once head a dead-end job. "It's okay, Miss. This other girl, Amy, banged into us earlier."

The girl nodded. She didn't want to hear something like that. She could be missing out. "Did she now?…what's up with *that outfit* and the pink hair?"

As he started to speak, he realized it might be *a lot* to tell someone he just met. So he wanted to start slow. "…it's a long story…Miss…what's your name?"

She realized that she had to introduce herself. Why not talk to an attractive stranger coming into Gargantia? She thought it was worth a shot. "Melty. I'm a delivery girl like Amy and occasionally a belly dancer."

He nodded. He began to say something else, beginning with "I see…I'll tell you if you'd permit me…," before Melty interrupted him. She *really, really* wanted to know his name. "Sure, Mister…your name is?"

He sheepishly replied, "Oops, forgot to mention that. I'm Lars Barriga. Nice to meet you."

She was glad to put a face to the name. She twirled her hair and told Lars, "The pleasure is all mine. Where are you from? I haven't seen you around these parts before."

He explained where he had come from. It seemed like the right thing for an ambassador to do. "I'm from space…as are *my comrades*. We are from Earth. You've probably heard of it."

She was amazed. She had *never* heard of anyone from "Earth" who wasn't from this planet. "There's another planet which is also named Earth? WOW! *Tell me more* Mr. Lars!"

Pinion rolled his eyes while Ledo ignored the whole situation. He *knew* how the delivery girls had treated him as the new person a year or so ago. He could jealously predict how Melty would treat the newcomer.

Lars continued. "We were about to leave the planet in a spaceship…"

She looked at him, bewildered. She would have asked about this, but she just stared at him. So he decided to tell her what he meant. "A spaceship. It's like one of the ships in this fleet but…it travels through space."

She nodded. He kept on talking. "We were about to leave the planet's orbit."

She broke her silence. She asked, "What's that?"

He felt like he had to explain this too, even though it was *slightly annoying* to do so. "It's the area surrounding the planet which pulls you in, the gravitational pull."

She remembered that she heard about that at one point in the past. "The Sage, Dr. Oldham, told me about that once…"

Lars recounted the trouble on their journey. He noted how they were about to begin their journey to another planet when a craft appeared out of nowhere, calling it an "annoyance." She sort of understood what he was saying, although it was still a little foggy for her. She asked a follow-up question so it least seemed that she was interested in it. "How's that possible?"

Lars told her what happened with the other ship. Of course he didn't tell *the whole story*, only part of it. "The other ship went through space using dimensional travel. We tried to communicate with them…instead they fired a cannon at us."

She gasped. "Oh my!" she said.

Lars continued with his retelling about what happened. He said that "it was a bit frightening. We fired back and then they descended to the planet's surface. I had a smaller unmanned ship released from spacecraft's hull to chase them. A dogfight followed in the hours after that…"

She again had a confused look on her face. Lars sighed. "A dogfight…a…uh…fight between two airplanes?"

She realized she had heard of that before, somewhere. She told him, "I've heard that before… maybe from The Sage."

He finished his story by remarking, "Ultimately, they got sucked into a wormhole and were never heard from again…"

Still feigning *some interest*, she slyly said, "This is SO interesting! I'd like to…"

Saaya, her good-looking sixteen-year-old friend, another delivery girl and belly dancer, appeared nearby. She was about five feet, two inches tall. Her golden eyes bestoed Melty with the "evil eye." Her attire resembled Amy's. She wore a red crop top, a yellow long-sleeve mini-vest, a maroon miniskirt, a pink sash about the waist, a beautiful white beaded necklace, and cream-colored sandals. She dragged Melty's arm toward her. She pointed at her brown satchel bag and brown hip pouch, reminding her of *her job*.

Melty finished her sentence *reluctantly*. "…hear more. Fine, Saaya, I'll go. See you later, *cutie*!"

Melty's light brown hair and Saaya's long brown hair blew in the wind. Saaya's hair was tied up in bangs and two red-and-white beads, one on each side of her face. Often low-key, calm, and reserved, this assertiveness, apart from her firmness on money, for Saaya, was *new*.

Lars' cheeks filled with a lighter pinkish tint. He thought to himself: *Did that young girl just hit on me? Am I really that attractive?* Pinion watched Lars' expression. He *knew* what this space traveler man might be thinking. He hooted so loud people could hear it across the fleet. He smacked Lars on the back in a friendly manner.

"Don't worry, man, Melty flirts with *all the guys* around here. That girl who pulled her away, Saaya, is more serious. And Amy is in a relationship with Ledo. Don't sweat it."

Lars knew that he had a point. He didn't want to get caught up with relationships as an ambassador. "I…was surprised, that's all. I used to have a girlfriend back on Earth…we amicably parted ways *a while ago*…so it's been a long time."

Pinion tried to tell him that he would be okay. He didn't need to worry. "I'd get used to it!...just a suggestion, my *fine friend*!"

Continuing to tour the ship, he smiled at Mayta. She was a young light brown-skinned repair girl, with dark black hair. She frequently looked tomboyish but also had a feminine side. She was blunt, attempting to keep Pinion *focused* on his tasks. She yelled to him that he needed to get back to work. He bowed and proceeded to ignore her, as he sauntered ahead. They finally made it to Gargantia's frontward section and were stopped by a grinning Ridget. She relished the opportunity of meeting another person in command as a way to boost her confidence.

"Mr. Lars, we are glad to have you aboard the Gargantia. After Ledo's arrival last year, we have *certain precautions* in place. As such, I'd like to speak to you in the command headquarters. Is this condition acceptable to you?"

Lars, being as gracious as he could, remarked, "Certainly. I am but an emissary from another planet, so I am obliged to accede to your offer."

This formality made Lars throw up in his mouth. He *hated* saying it. He thought such a tone would be necessary in this situation. He felt similarly on Etheria, although he sucked up his pride and acted the part. Sadie and the other Beach City citizens helped him learn it during the few years Steven and the Gems were on Etheria. All those bothersome late-night classes in Sadie's basement with other townies had been worth it. Ridget nodded, motioning a grumbling Pinion and an awkward Ledo to lead away Pappy, Rhodonite, the Rutile Twins, and Fluorite. All of them could do nothing other than accept the situation as it presented itself.

Ridget walked him to Gargantia's headquarters. Inside were two other ship commanders: a light-skinned man with tan hair named Flange and a man with the same skin complexion and brown hair named Crown. She intended Lars to explain why he had come to the planet, hoping it would cement her role as *the only* woman in the room in a leadership role. "Mr. Lars, what's your business here in Gargantia? And…this planet?"

Grumbling, he answered, "…I'm an emissary *from 'Earth.'* I told you all that already."

Lars groused, annoyed to answer this question once more. To him, it seemed like they were going in circles and were disorganized.

Ridget, who thought Lars would explain more about his overall intentions, recomposed herself, attempting to regain her standing. "I…am aware of that…I thought it could be useful to *extrapolate* on your reason for being on this planet rather than another one. In any case, what can you offer us?"

Now the questioning was getting *somewhere*. He explained the capability of his ship and crew. "Thanks for asking. I have a spaceship on which I command a group of four capable members. There's also another ship inside its hull which can be controlled from the captain's chair…there's an impressive arsenal of weapons."

Ridget was impressed. She hoped this would give them an upper hand. "Ooh, that may be useful…Flange…Crown…what do *you* think?"

Flange and Crown scratched their chins. They hoped to avoid a situation like Ledo's destructive actions against the pirates after he first arrived, causing a kerfuffle that could have been avoided without his presence. Both remained wary. Flange spoke up while Crown remained silent.

"We won't be sure of the usefulness of this captain and his people *unless* the pirates attack us. Can you, Mr. Lars, assure us that there will be *no unnecessary* human casualties *if* you engage the pirates in combat on the open seas?"

He tried to act the same way that he did to Steven on Earth. He wanted Earth to be seen in a positive light. "You can count on me, sir! Me and my friends will do all we can to limit human death. I grew up among humans on my home planet after all."

Flange then told him, "Thanks, Mr. Lars…I'd like to hear more…"

Abruptly, the radio crackled. Pirates had been spotted by the patrol boats. They were inbound. "Mr. Lars, can you mobilize your unit to fight on behalf of Gargantia? We *could* use the help," Ridget said, re-entering the conversation. She did *not* want her voice to get lost in all of this.

"Sure. I'll gather up my people, using my spaceship to face off those vile...pirates"

Flange reminded him of the promise he had made to them. "Remember to enact *minimal* damage, Mister."

Lars bolted out of the headquarters as people hunkered down, preparing themselves for the worst. He had to find the *OCAC* and his fellow Gems. The fate of Gargantia could be, whether he intended it or not, in the hands of him and the Off Colors.

You could hear the yells of the marauders echoing across the sea. They habitually raided scavenger fleets to gain supplies, using intimidation and violent methods to achieve their goals. The side which had the balance of power normally ended up as the victor in any battle. The pirates, unlike the Gargantia Fleet, didn't mind spilling human blood, coming together in brief coalitions to attack a prey of their choice. They were looters of the ocean, stealing from the weak and threatening others to achieve their goals.

Not far away, Lukkage, the Queen of the Pirates, cackled. She was flanked by her two female sex slaves who acted as her co-pilots. She was over five feet, eight inches, meaning she was taller than Ridget, Bellows, or any of the fleet captains. And she was only over twenty-two years old.

The lobster was her personal insignia. Her vicious nature made her frequently feared. She would not hesitate to crush those who insulted her or fought back. However, her oft-confidence in victory led to hubris. "My fellow pirates…let us commence the attack on Gargantia! We have defeated the fleets this world over and have enough supplies to bring them down…I smell the *taste of treasure* on my lips. How tasty!...Advance, my pretties!"

"Yes, ma'am!" one pirate retorted. Unfortunately for Lukkage, she wasn't aware of the fact that Gargantia had the advantage, thanks to the arrival of the *OCAC*. Her plans were foiled

when an explosion rocked one of the pirate ships. The rear section had been severely damaged by an unknown force.

The radio on her command ship sizzled. "Madam…our ship has been hit…we can't go on…"

She cackled. She would not let anything stop her road to victory. "Continue onward! We are in this for the treasure, for the glory…we *do not* fear death."

The person on the other side of the radio was not sure. "I suppose so, ma'am. However, if we suffer any further fractures, we will have to leave and abandon this endeavor."

Sneering, Lukkage declared, "So be it!"

Slamming her fist down, she protested to herself. *Why is this happening? Who is doing this to us? It's supposed to be OUR day to triumph over those pipsqueaks!...Pinion be damned.* Her thoughts were interrupted when one of her companions spotted an unidentified object in the sky. "Miss…the explosion came from a some ships that's...hidden in the clouds."

Annoyed to be hearing this, she grabbed the spyglass out of her servant's hand. She wanted to see it for herself. "Let me look…I don't believe that for a second!"

Sure enough, her enslaved confidante was right. She could see its green paint shining in the sun as another projectile whizzed from under one of its wings and toward another of her ships. She quickly picked up the radio transmitter, attempting to warn the vessel. She was too late. Another boom rocked the water. She heard the same story from that ship. She realized they were sitting ducks. But, she would not give up without a fight.

Meanwhile on the *OCAC*, Lars marveled at their "achievements" in the battle so far. The sunlight shined off the green walls, glass ceiling, and the bridge's three consoles. He hoped that their engines, accessible from one of the bridge's downward staircases to a lower level of the ship, would not be targeted like in the last battle. He issued a command to his compatriots.

"RT and Rhodonite, work together. Lock our missile banks onto the remaining pirate ship in order to immobilize it. Only one will be needed to complete the job."

"It will be done right away, captain!" Rhodonite and RT answered in unison.

As the rocket went speeding toward the pirate flagship, the Rutile Twins reported something disturbing: the enemy ship had spotted them. Lars scratched his chin. He ordered her to take evasive action. Every action he made was part of a strategy he had planned with Ridget and those fighting on behalf of Gargantia. He had promised to lead the pirates away from Gargantia so they would fall into a trap set by Pinion, Ledo, and the others in Yunboros.

Even more incensed, Lukkage ordered her minions to attack a new target: the reckless spaceship which had ravaged their vessels. This worried her fellow pirates.

"Ma'am, I thought we were aiming to destroy Gargantia…why go after *this lone ship*?...we can regroup and call it a day," one said to her.

She would not accept this. The mysterious ship in the sky had to go. "No! I will not accept such a result. This rowdy rebel needs to be dealt with once and for all!"

The same pirate did not want to go down this road. It was too risky. "If that is your opinion, we are withdrawing from the fight, as are my fellow raiders. In our current state, we cannot take one more hit from that ship."

Lukkage angrily denounced the pirate. "Fine! You *damn pansies*! I'll never forget your insolence!"

The pirate command ship sped ahead. The two vessels which had accompanied them split off. Swiftly, Yunboros surrounded Lukkage's craft, cordoning it in, while the *OCAC* charged its cannons. Shouting in despair, she ordered her pilots to stop their cruiser. It quickly halted as the engine sputtered. She jumped out, standing boldly on the deck, and wielding her sword. "I dare anyone to come and fight me. Or…are all of you, *weaklings*?"

Two of the Yunboros turned off suddenly. Pinion leapt out, twirling toward the ship, joined by Ledo. With a sword of his own, Pinion could easily match Lukkage in combat. Ledo still had his military-grade laser pistol.

"Lukkage, it's you…*again*…Admit that you have lost. Let's talk this out."

Lukkage looked at him with anger in her eyes. She wanted him to pay. "I won't give up, ever, Pinion! You abandoned me out on the high seas! I'm a person too…why did you discard me like a spoiled rag?"

Pinion chuckled. Was she really this petty? "So, this whole thing is about me dumping your sorry ass like a week ago because you were over-controlling and sick like a rabid dog? I couldn't stand it *anymore*. I told you that…you wouldn't listen to me. That's the truth."

She started to fumble her words. She realized that he was right. "Well…that's not accurate… secondly, this is about…uh…"

Pinion knew she had done this because she was pissed they had broken up. He could not believe her. "So, it is about that, *isn't it*? I didn't think you could be so petty. I'm not going to be your boyfriend once more! Don't you have people on your ship who are your slaves *anyway*?"

She snarled at him. "I do and I love them *dearly*…they aren't anything like you, a buff, muscular man."

Pinion could not take her anymore. He was tired of her antics. "Whatever, lady. You've lost this battle. We have you encircled, and your friends have surrendered…*it's over*."

Lukkage arrogantly declared, "Those other pirates? Ha! I don't care about *them*. Take them away."

Pinion shook his head. He knew that she could be harsh. He hadn't realized she cared so little about those she fought with on the ocean. He breathed deeply and delivered the final blow, one uttered through his words rather than through physical force. "By the order of the Gargantia Fleet, I hereby place you under arrest. You are guilty of…"

Before he could finish that thought, she interrupted. "Seriously? You are going to utter that *garbage* to me? There's no law out here on the seas…it's every person for themselves! I'd rather die than give into the likes of you!"

Preparing himself for the fight to come, he remarked, "A battle it is."

The cling and clack of swords began. Neither were very skilled when it came to sword fighting, so each person blocked the blows of the other. Lars saw the scene unfolding and told RT to lower the *OCAC* near the water's surface. She complied. He pushed a button and the ramp extended. His mates worried about him, even though they believed that he would do the right thing. He bounded off and into the water, swimming toward Lukkage's command vessel.

Pinion and Lukkage were locked in battle when Lars screeched at the top of his lungs: "STOP!" He emitted a loud, concussive roar wrecking the ship and throwing the two humans backwards, followed by Ledo who had been standing nearby. He sauntered over to them. All three were unconscious. One thought came to mind. *What have I done? What have I become?*

Long ago, Steven told him about the powers his pet lion possessed. He complained that Steven had passed on a "power" to him without knowing it. *What a naïve jerk,* he told himself. He then fell to his knees, hitting the hard metal surface with a bang, and screamed, "NO!"

A few hours passed. They were back in Gargantia. Lukkage had been chained to a bed to prevent her from escaping. She was being treated by "The Sage," also known as Doctor Oldham, alongside Pinion and Ledo. All were still comatose, although in a fine physical condition otherwise. Lars lamented the harm he had caused. He felt out of control and scared about who he would hurt next. He began crying. After caring for the three patients and snapping shut his black medical bag, with a gold rim, Dr. Oldham, began sauntering in his direction.

He was a learned old medical doctor, once called the "smartest man in all of Gargantia" by Amy. He had blue eyes and brown hair. He wore a white medical coat covering his blue-collared shirt, long brown pants fastened with a belt, and a chain with a turquoise stone around his neck. He hoped to calm down Lars. "Young man, don't be sad…you will pull through…that's what this always shifting community is *all about*! We are survivors!"

Lars felt a little better now. After hearing about what happened in Japan to Carmen and Jules, he never thought he would be in a hospital too. "Thanks, Mr. Oldham. Everything appears hazy. I thought I had become tougher…this newfangled ability frightens me…what if I injure a friend accidentally? I can’t imagine even it!"

He tried to comfort Lars. He related to him the best he could. "I can't say anything about that, youngblood. This is all new to me. However, I ask that you quiet yourself, make peace with

the world and its surroundings. It's the only way to remain sane."

Lars responded back, telling him, "Perhaps so, Mister. I heard you are the old erudite man on this fleet. Is that true?"

Dr. Oldham chuckled. He bobbed his head in agreement. "I guess so. One of my patients, a bed-ridden boy named Bebel would like to meet you."

Lars was surprised to hear this. He told Oldham, "Really? Even after what I did to that mechanic, salvager, and pirate queen?"

He nodded. He wanted to make Lars feel better about himself. "Certainly! You might be doubting yourself, but you saved us a *lot of trouble*. People see you and your crew as heroes. Without having to fend off the pirates, we can direct our energies into more peaceful activities, rather than accumulating more armaments…you might be the spark of revolution on Gargantia!"

This caught Lars off guard. He never thought of himself in that way. "I…don't know what to say…Mister."

Dr. Oldham opened the door of a small abode, within the residential housing district of Gargantia. He recognized Amy and Melty. Upon seeing him, Melty's face, especially her cheeks, turned as red as ripe strawberries. She stuttered and tried to escape, but Amy held her back. She sheepishly uttered, "Hi!" whispering the word “cutie” under her breath.

Lars waved even as melancholia had consumed his body over what had happened on Lukkage's flagship. Bebel, the smart eleven-year-old child that Dr. Oldham had mentioned, piped up, raising Lars' spirits. "Doctor, who is this man?"

Oldham answered Bebel's question. "Why, its Captain Lars, the person who rescued Gargantia from the pirate scourge."

Bebel was glad to see Lars. He thought of him as a hero. "I heard about him through the radio this afternoon. Such a pleasure to meet you."

Lars wanted to know about Bebel too. Why was such a young kid in bed? It made him sad. "It's nice to make your acquaintance…I heard you are stuck in bed…why?"

Bebel continued to explain about himself a little more. "I am a bit frail…although, I am strong-willed and enjoy making things!"

This got Lars interested. What kind of things did he make? So, he asked, "Really? Like what?"

Bebel began to explain. He started by saying, "I like making models of ships from scrap and leftover parts, along with occasional musical instruments to keep myself occupied."

He asked a follow-up question. His interest was piqued. "Cool! Are the ones by the windows yours?"

These questions made Bebel even more excited. He told Lars, "They are! I'm always making new models and objects all the time. What about you? You are a captain of a ship…what's it like?"

To connect with Bebel more, Lars began to talk about his spaceship. He didn't see why he shouldn't. "It's a craft that travels through outer space. I have four other people who serve alongside me…Pappy, RT, Rhodonite, and Fluorite…refugees from a terrible planet."

Bebel then asked him a question. He was impressed. "Amazing! You aren't from this planet, right? Where are you from?"

Lars started to tell him a bit about it, saying "It's a place called Earth…"

Before he could finish, Bebel interjected. He said excitedly, "Just like this planet! What's it like?"

Lars told him a little about it. He was the ambassador after all, so he had to represent the planet the best he could. It was what he signed up for, you could say. "There's water surrounding a bunch of landmasses and people, lots of them. I live in a beach town with my friends...and I went on this adventure after my friend, Steven, requested we travel from planet to planet as emissaries of Earth."

Bebel asked him one more question. "That's incredible! Have you been anywhere else?"

Lars continued to tell him their story. He wanted to talk about a bit of what he had been through. "Before coming here, we came from a planet many light years away. It had become plagued by war, peopled by a group of magical princesses who could control elemental powers and a socially anxious one who had a knack for machinery…I *hope* it all worked out."

Bebel remained impressed. He told Lars, "You have such amazing adventures! I wish you could tell me about these all day. My friend, Ledo, my sister's boyfriend, came from another planet too, a very warlike one. He had different ideas about how society should be run…that changed over time. Can you stay here?"

Lars shook his head. He could not stay on Gargantia. Besides, he did *not* want to, with Melty being there and all.

"I wish I could, but we have to travel to other planets. Its part of a pledge I made to my friends back on Earth...I can't break a promise."

While this made Bebel a little sad, he understood that nothing was permanent. Things come and go. "I understand. Come back anytime…but not too soon!"

Lars smiled. He pledged to return one day. "I will. I can promise you that!"

Due to the space-time distortions, Lars calculated it was probably June 17th, to use Earth measurements. That guess couldn't be more wrong. The wormhole had time-shifted them

forward *two months*, meaning it would be equivalent to August 17th on Earth.

The day had proved more eventful than he had imagined. Exhaling deeply, he searched for a quiet place to write a captain's log. He had read loads of stories about swashbucklers who wrote a tale of their journeys for their own salvation. To preserve his adventures for the ages, he planned to do the same. Putting his pen to paper, he opened the book and began marking the page.

> *Hello future Lars! I haven't written anything like this before…The past few days have been unlike anything I've ever experienced. A dogfight with a starfighter piloted by two ladies in love...a pink-tinted Steven who tried to hurt me…a civil war on a planet populated by princesses…a wormhole which brought us to a planet with the same name as Earth but completely covered by water..fighting off a band of pirates. A lot has happened…Then there was this pretty girl named Melty with light brown pigtails and bright green eyes, a postal messenger probably only about age 16 or 17 on this rootless fleet they call "Gargantia," who hit on me…describing me as cute...no one has called me that for a long time…Moving onto other business, those on this planet are…*

Concentrated on his writing, he didn't notice when Melty snatched his leather-bound journal. He had untied the frayed thin leather strap, then opened the book to write on the cream-colored and lined pages inside. Fumbling and rummaging around, he gazed up only to find her snickering at him and staring back. As he attempted to take the book back, she taunted him. "So…you are looking for this book, are you now?"

Lars did not want to fight her over this. It would not look good. "Yes, I'd like it back, please…"

Melty taunted him a little more. "I'll return it…only *AFTER* I read it!"

Lars pleaded to Melty, asking her to end this ridiculous charade. He personally found her too young and *immature* for his taste. But, as leader of envoys from Earth, he treaded carefully because he did not want to sour Gargantia-Earthling relations. "Please…don't…I'm begging you."

She challenged him a little, teasing him. "What will I get if I give it to you?"

He really didn't know what to tell her. "Uh, I don't…"

Lars pondered what gift he could give her. As he continued thinking, she finished reading the entry he had written in the journal, to his dismay. His bargaining chip had been lost. He had fallen onto the altar of defeat. "You think I'm pretty? Thanks! Very few people say nice things about me *around here*…"

He acknowledged that she was right. He still wanted the journal back. "I do…wait, don't you have friends on this ship, fleet, or whatever you all call it?"

She saw him as something unique. No one like him had ever come to Gargantia, as far as she could remember. "Yes…but none of the people are like you, a space adventurer who can beat the pirates with his bare hands, saving us all…and is *so damn cute*!"

He tried to clear something up. He did not want any rumors to go around about him. "Right… That isn't what happened at all. In fact, I roared at Pinion, Ledo, and that Pirate Queen…"

She then said the clincher. She was ready. "Yeah, yeah…So, *hottie*, will you go out with me…"

As she began to finish that sentence, Saaya appeared out of nowhere and pulled her away. Crying like an antelope being attacked by a pack of wild dogs on the plains of the savannah, she hollered "NOOOOO!"

Snorting, Saaya reminded her, once more, of *her duties* as a messenger. She moaned, accepting this, and walked away in shame. Breathing a sigh of relief, Lars hoped Melty would not aggravate him in the future. As he began to explore the ship in hopes of reuniting with Pappy, Rhodonite, Fluorite, and RT, he saw a familiar face. "Hey, Mr. Oldham. Nice to see you again."

Oldham nodded. He wanted to talk to the space adventurer. "Same goes for you, young man, Lars, if I recall your name correctly. I tracked you down because I'd like to talk to you."

Lars was confused by what he wanted. So he asked a question. "About what…exactly?"

Oldham was interested in learning about where Lars came from. "Your home planet…Ledo told me about Avalon, where he grew up, but that was eons ago. I'd like to hear from you… I'm trying to expand our records."

This made sense to Lars. He told Oldham that, "That's great…but finding my friends is paramount right now…we got separated after the battle at sea. They are probably worried about me…"

Realizing the dilemma Lars found himself in, he agreed to come along. "I can come with if you don't mind."

Lars accepted his condition begrudgingly and began to amble across Gargantia. He personally yearned to leave the planet and journey onward. This plan had one important catch: it hinged on the approval of Pappy, Rhodonite, RT, and Fluorite. To go anywhere, he needed their assistance. While he had the role of captain, the ship depended on their efforts and cooperating together in their continuing journey across the stars.

Marching into the ship's saloon, nicknamed the *Flaky Scamper* for the fact that certain people were unreliable with their money and scuttled away in shame, he was horrified by the sight before him. He didn't see Rhodonite or RT, but he spied Pappy sitting at a table where a group of men were playing a game of cards.

Inching closer he could overhear their conversation: "Hiya, orange-haired-lady, what cards am I holding in my hand?"

A bit exhausted, Pappy remarked, "I predict…a spread of five Queens of Diamonds."

One man grumbled. He said, "DANG IT! I lose again! I'm not done yet…let's do this once more!"

Another said, "This lady is on a hot streak. My friend here has lost so much money…that woman has such *a great poker face*. I don't know how she does it."

Lars fumed. He couldn't believe that people were exploiting Pappy's abilities so they could bet on her like a commodity in a stock market. He had no idea people could go that low. *Is this ravenous, capitalistic nature the true expression of the Gargantian people?* he asked himself.

Dedicated to their betting and playing cards, Lars surprised them when he forcefully slammed his fist down on the table in a rage. He had enough of this rubbish. Manipulating his friends for profit crossed a red line for him. "Stop this game at once! This 'lady' as you call her, is a member of my crew. *Leave her alone*."

One man at the table threatened Lars. "You're that captain who supposedly saved us, if I'm to believe what the radio tells me. If you want her back, you'll have to guess the cards of the whole fifty-two-card deck. Muhaha!"

Lars would do anything to protect his crew. He believed that he would win, no matter the cost. "Fine, I'll do it. I am dedicated to do anything to help my friends."

Holding up the deck, Pappy began to utter her vision like she did after an "event" had occurred. Lars quieted her to a whisper only he could hear. Gleefully he yelled: "It's a forced deck, filled of fifty-two Queens of Diamonds."

The man's mouth gaped open, shocked that he had been beaten, although Lars had stuck by the game's rules. He was infuriated by the result. Pappy came over to Lars, hugging him, and shaking with fear. In an act of dominance, he flipped over their flimsy table, causing the men around the table to fall onto the floor. Towering above them, he threatened to push them across the room so fast they wouldn't know what hit them. Petrified, the men scattered out of the saloon, resolving to never cross him again.

Glad to get at least one of his friends back, he worried about Fluorite, RT, and Rhodonite. He quickly spotted Fluorite, whom people were betting on, just like Pappy, focused on what word she would utter next. Her speech was slow because all six Gems had to decide what to say every time she spoke. Lars forced them away through intimidation like he had with the previous group. Only RT and Rhodonite remained. He *hoped* they had retreated to the ship.

Later, after asking around, he found the *OCAC* parked nearby. Dr. Oldham talked with Amy and did not want to interfere. Going inside, he found RT working on the ship, repairing and improving it, while Rhodonite trembled with anxiety. "RT, Rhodonite! I'm SO glad I found you!"

RT apologized and wanted to be honest with Lars. He was the captain after all and trust in their relationship with one another mattered. "Sorry, Captain, but we lost track of you, Pappy,

and Fluorite after the sea battle, while Rhodonite began shaking. It's so good to be re-united again."

Lars hugged her and had a tear in his eye. He always knew that his crew cared about him. "I can't agree more, RT. How about…you and Fluorite keep tinkering with the ship. Me, Pappy, and Rhodonite are gonna go out, try and discover more about this planet and this fleet."

Saluting him, RT said, "Aye, aye, Captain!"

Lars thought he made a good decision. He declined to tell RT about the betting in the saloon so she wouldn't get worried. After leaving the *OCAC* and feeling like a weight had been lifted, Rhodonite began blabbing almost immediately like water rushing out of an open faucet. "After you collapsed following the incident…I couldn't get over myself…RT kept the ship hovering while me and Pappy went to find you…a group of ruffians snatched her away…I ran back to the ship, then Fluorite left, trying to locate Pappy…I'm so glad you, Pappy, and Fluorite returned safe and sound!"

Lars was happy to hear this. It made his heart sing. "Rhodonite, the fact you are okay warms my heart. I rescued Pappy and Fluorite from a place where people were betting on them...people on this fleet are *sick*."

Rhodonite was disgusted. Something happening to her comrades, like that, made her sad. "That's *awful*! The people here are strange…"

Dr. Oldham overheard their conversation. It concerned him that emissaries from another planet would think that those in the saloon were representative of everyone living on Gargantia. Clearing his throat, he attempted to correct these distortions. "Those people in the saloon are *despicable*…part of the underworld on this fleet…but so many others are hardworking and dedicated. Captain Lars, you and your friends are just like them."

Lars, Rhodonite, and Pappy were flabbergasted to hear him say that, considering what they had been through on the seas and in Gargantia itself. Intrigued, Lars inquired further, especially about what the good doctor asked him originally. "Doctor, you said earlier that you wanted to know about my home planet like that other guy named Ledo who arrived here in the past…does that still hold true?"

He was excited. He liked people taking an interest in his work. "Of course, it does! I'm taking you to *my sanctum* of learning and knowledge."

Rhodonite, Lars, Pappy, and the Doctor climbed up a set of spiral stairs to the top of a tower. The Doctor opened a metal door with a porthole in the middle, resembling the doors of all the residential areas in Gargantia. It reminded Lars of photographs he had seen of passenger quarters in old luxury ships which traveled across the Atlantic Ocean from North America to Europe. The room had a greyish tint and sturdy metal shelves, three double shelves in the room's center, and four shelves on the room's sides. The books which sat on those shelves had red, green, purple, blue, and multi-colored spines. The young nurse, his daughter, and assistant, his son, greeted him with a smile. He had another child who seemed shy. The other part of the room contained a few degraded greyish metal tables, a couch, and a telescope on one of the surfaces, pointing out a window.

While this library had a few electric lights, the sunlight pouring in from the twin glass windows typically provided enough light. The Doctor hoped to glean more from these travelers than he had from his ill-fated encounter with Ledo when he depended on his mecha, Chambers, for translation. Pappy and Rhodonite sat down in two chairs while the Doctor situated himself in a desk chair, next to a bookshelf, comprised of books focusing on countless subjects, a reference shelf of sorts. Pappy and Rhodonite were impressed while Lars felt excited. He didn't seek the "ancient wisdom" Ledo had tried to find so he could return to his home planet, whether about space travel or anything else. Neither did he wish to pass judgment on the social organization of Gargantia. Rather, he wanted to learn more about the fleet due to the Doctor's role as a "sage" and medical doctor simultaneously.

Lars began the conversation by asking a few questions. As ambassador he wanted to know all he could. "Doctor, what can you tell me about this planet? How did it end up like this? Why is everyone living in a fleet wandering across the all-encompassing ocean?"

Oldham tried to answer him as honestly as he could. He didn't know everything, but he knew enough to answer *those questions*. "Even with all the books I have in this library I created with my own hands, partially to help with my medical practice and to save existing knowledge, I can't say with complete certainty how the planet ended up like this…but it may be related to past worldwide climate disruptions. Furthermore, the organization of this fleet is based around helping each other, and the fleet is never in one place because we use organisms called 'lightbugs' to charge the ship's engines."

Lars was further intrigued. He wanted to know how Oldham could have two distinct jobs at once. The librarian back in Beach City was...just a librarian, nothing more, nothing less. "Fascinating! Like the volumes back in my hometown, every book here opens a new world to explore. Without a doubt, you are fulfilling an important and *noble function*…How can you be a librarian and a medical doctor at the same time?"

Oldham was glad that Lars understood his value to Gargantia. He began to explain a little about himself. He hoped this would help Lars a bit. "Thank you, Captain. Books are *not* sacred objects and should not be worshiped, but the materials I have assembled within these walls are a way to educate Gargantians about various topics. It's tough to be a medical doctor and a book-illuminator, what you call a 'librarian.' With my years of experience, I can effortlessly focus on both, even though it isn't always easy. I'd like to hear more about you, so those of future generations can learn about your visit."

Lars then told Oldham about what he did, his life on Earth, and more. He didn't mind sharing it. "Certainly. I live on a planet like this one, with much less water, and in a beach town by the sea named 'Beach City' which sits on a landmass. Unlike this fleet, there are many different levels of social organization, whether they come in the form of governments, states, businesses, or whatnot. My pal Steven and his friends are working hard to ensure the planet remains peaceful going forward."

Oldham was impressed. He remarked, "A worthy goal, one that I hope those on our planet can strive for now that the pirates are no longer a threat, thanks to you, Captain. You and your friends have a skin complexion which is different from anyone on this ship. Why is that? And do you have supernatural capabilities?"

Lars sighed. He knew a question like this would come up at some point or another. He tried to make it as simple as he could, although there was a lot that Oldham didn't know, especially not about Gems. "Good questions, Doctor! My skin is pinkish because my friend Steven brought me back to life with his tears…my mates and other friends have gems inside themselves which project light-composed bodies and have certain abilities. Pappy, the technical advisor on my ship, has visions of events after they happen. Steven can summon a pink bubble or rose-colored shield or use his spit to heal any wound. Pearl can summon a spear, Garnet can beat anyone up with her boxing gloves, Amethyst can attack with her speed roll or electrified whip, Peri can outwit you with her technical knowledge, Lapis can summon water or liquids at will and turn them into shapes. There are many more Gems, but those are the ones that stick out to me."

This intrigued Oldham further. Most of what Lars said confused him. He still wanted to acknowledge him, anyway. "I haven't met most of those you mentioned, but it fills me with joy to learn more about individuals *from other planets*, especially from folks who are patient and polite like yourself. Our last visitor from another world, Ledo, questioned our social order and yearned to go back home…if you could stick around a little longer, I want to talk to you more about the 'social organization' you mentioned earlier and those you call 'Pappy' and 'Rhodonite.'"

Lars responded in kind, telling Oldham, "It would be my honor, Doctor, as the head of the Earth diplomatic team!"

As the sun set on the choppy ocean of this watery planet, the light shone across the water, creating a mirrored effect equivalent to sitting on the sand in Beach City as Lars had done hundreds upon hundreds of times. He gazed out the windows of the home library and medical station, joined by Rhodonite, Pappy, the Doctor's daughter and two sons, and the Doctor himself. The orange, red, and yellow colors of the sun awed them, with each person enjoying the beautiful view. Neither Lars nor his comrades had any idea of the challenges which lay ahead in the expedition across outer space, unaware of the dangers that would befall them after leaving the planet.

End Notes

I would have had the characters speak Japanese, like I did when I wrote fan fics about Revolutionary Girl Utena, Wandering Son, or Paradise Kiss. However, considering Gargantia is sci-fi, there is some wiggle room here, so I think the use of English is justified in this case. Also, if they spoke Japanese, it could have caused a distortion in the story itself. I didn't want to repeat the language difference between those in Gargantia and Ledo highlighted in the early episodes of the series itself either. Used pages of Yunboro, Ridget, Amy, Bebel, Ledo, Bellows, Grace, Mayta, Pinion, Melty, Pirates, Lukkage (the page falsely called her Yukkage), Saaya, Hideauze, Gargantia, The Earth, Yunboro, and Chambers, on the Suisei no Gargantia Wiki, along with information from here and here and other images of characters. Also, the page on the Steven Universe page for Lion was helpful here. Pictures on various character lists for Gargantia were helpful in providing descriptors of characters, as was the "Skin Tone Chart." I based some the interactions and descriptions on the fourth episode of Gargantia, which is the one which first depicted the library/medical center in Gargantia.

Works inspired by this one

Bound to a Pirate Queen: Chelli Becomes a Sex Slave by lefemmerougensfw

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